AT THE "SIGN OF THE SMILE." We're weary a-walking the highway of merry, mirthful, pint-ef-Zinfandel-red-life; "Bohemians" (tortured We're fettered and flustered with worry

Let us drop by the wayside the heavy old load,

road— Let us tarry awbile At the "Sign of the Smile."

Ho, the "Sign of the Smile" is a jolly inn, With gargoyles about it that do naught There's always a laugh and a shoulder

And an echo that ever will answer us

Let us tarry awhile At the "Sign of the Smile."

At the "Sign of the Smile" we will linger long there-For the strictest of rules is the ban upon And the guests must forget there are such things as years, And never shed any but laughter-brought

Let us tarry awhile At the "Sign of the Smile."

There'll be flagons of joility for us to sip. And many and many a rollicking quip.

Though the jokes may be old—like the juice of the vine They mellow with age to the richest of

wine— Let us tarry awhile At the "Sign of the Smile."

Let us tarry a while at the "Sign of the Forget all our griefs in the joys that Let us pleasure the noon till it changes to night, Then up with our loads and we'll find

they are light—
Let us tarry awhile
At the "Sign of the Smile."

-Baltimore American.

Exiles in a Far Land

ND lo! it came to pass that these A two young persons, man and wife. living comfortably in Washington, decided about two months ago that Washington was not of sufficient size for them. Likewise, they mutually concluded that Washington was slow. Furthermore, it struck them both at one and the same time that there didn't seem to be "anything doing" in Washington, and the male person of the couple referred to the capital of the nation as a burg of no speed whatsoever worth mentioning and alluded to it in caustic terms as being all right in its way, but a Sleepy Hollow at that -in all of which the wife of his bossom coincided with him.

"All of which," said the male person of the couple, "naturally leads up to-" "New York, of course," replied the wife of his bosom.

Whereupon, after patronizing their Washington friends a whole lot, indeed, and telling their Washington friends that they were sorry to leave them behind in a poky old place that didn't know it was alive like Washington, and declaring in loud and specific terms, subject to no misconstruction whatsoever, that New York would be for them der of their natural lives, they departed for New York. As they sped out of the station on the train they reviled Washington upto each other and remarked that Washington wouldn't do. and that they were tickled almost foolish at the prospect of arriving within a maiter of five hours or so at a point where they would have every opportunity to get a run for their money.

Arrived in New York, this pair of Washingtonians, man and wife, hesitated not to express themselves as being deliriously happy.

"It's the only town, ain't it?" said the male person, beaming upon the wife of his bosom.

"The only town," she echoed.

"Look at this blaze of lights," said the male person, pointing his cane at the bulb-electric sign over the Broadway pugilists' saloons and the Broadway restaurateurs' polite-robbery es-tablishments; "don't see blaze of lights like this down in little old Washington, do you? Real thing, this, isn't it? Plenty of action here, isn't there?"

"Oh, lots," replied the wife of his

bosom. "Great to be in the madding crowd, once again, isn't it?" he went on, pointing out the surging throngs of beautifully dressed bunco steerers and other promoters rushing hither and you in their anxiety to pail "good things" in advance of each other. "Don't see people like this in the little old place down there, do you?"

"No," she replied with so much conviction, as it were, that he had to look at her closely to see if she were really

enjoying herself. "Clever bunch, aren't they?" said the male person of the couple when they took their first table d'hote dinner at the Blue Dog restaurant, pointing out the disheveled artists, the gay and gladsome shoe clerks, the ladies with great sorrows and futures behind them (not to speak of their prismatic hair and their ineradicable complexions), the imaginative and imaginary writers. who toil not, neither do they spin; the pale versifiers with T. Chatterton make-ups, against whom (to hear the T. Chattertons) all publishers are leagued in one vast, cruel conspiracy; the "alieniat" physicians, whose prac-tice consists in the writing of Lomlatic resorings for the New York

Sunday soffrons, abli all the rest or the word). "Free, flowing, unconventional natures they have, haven't they? They put away the petty restraints of civil-And rest at the inn at the turn of the ization as if the restraints were not. you perceive. Childish, bland, brilliant lot, hey? Don't see folks like them down in the little old place on the

Potomac, do you?" "No." replied the wife of his bosom. with an accent so clear and distinct that he had to look at her again in order to ascertain, if possible, if she were really entering into the jorial

bappy-go-lucky spirit of the occasion. wouldn't be back in Washington for big money, would you?" he inquired, in order to force her to put herself on record once more.

"Er-no," she replied, in a tone that didn't seem to have any vast amount of heartiness behind it.

"Of course, though," she said, after awhile, with a forefinger placed a bit wistfully to her lip: "Washington looks beautiful at this season, doesn't

"O, yes," said be, deprecatingly; "it's a pretty enough little old placearound this time of year, particularly. it'll do to spend a week or so in-trees all in foliage, lilacs and snowballs and things in bloom-all that sort o' thing. We never said Washington wasn't pretty, did we? But it's so slow-wooder how we managed to live there con-

tentedly as long as we did, don't you?" "Ye-er-ye-es," answered the wife of his bosom, but her eyes seemed to be far away.

"Look at this zoo, now," said the male person of the couple to the wif of his bosom when he took her to the Central Park menageric the other Sunday; "something like a zoo, isn't it?"

She looked up at him hesitatingly. "I don't think the scenery's so pretty as the Washington Zoological park, do you?" she inquired, in a sort of muffled tone.

"Er-no, blamed if I think it is, come to think of it," said he, scratching his chin reflectively. "That's right-it isn't. But this is over in New York, you Now, if the Washington zoo-1 mean the park, and the situation and all that-were over here, instead of adjacent to pokey old Washington.

He didn't mention just what the advantage would be, perhaps for an obvi-

Thus they went on. Three or four real thingness (thus to phrase it) of existence in New York as compared with life-"nothing more'n hibernation. nearer her heart than her throat.

It so happened that one evening not York-he dwelling with his usual in- Washington park track. sistence upon the joys of life on Manhattan island as compared with "rosting away in Washington, and she replying with only an occasional "ye-es" -a band of six or eight colored men. some of them with guitars and banjos and mouth organs, went by, singing and playing. The two young persons from Washington, man and wife, remained very quiet until the last echo of the music had died away far up the street.

"Sounds like-" the man started to say, turning sheepishly to the wife of his bosom, and then he observed that the hadt her handkerchief folded up into a wad about an inch in diameter, and that she was dabbing first oneeye and then the other with the wad.

"Sounds like Washington on summer nights, doesn't it?" said the male person, with a sort of vacuous grin on his face. "Kind o' restful and familiar, eh?

"Very," replied the wife of his bosom, continuing to dab at her eyes with her wad of a handkerchief.

Then they were silent for a little "Come to think of it, Washington isn't such a bad old place, after all, is it?" said he, pulling at an ear, re-

"No, it isn't," she replied, decisively. "Dear old Washington."

"That's right," said he. "Dear old Washington's what I say, too." They were silent again for awhile.

"Wouldn't mind going ack to the little old place, would you?" said be, breaking the pause, and looking out of the window so as not to have to face

"I'd just love to, and that's the truth," said she, "but we can't go back yet awhile, can we?-you know how everybody said we wouldn't stay more than six weeks in New York, although we declared we were going to remain forever, and-and-they'd just guy us awfully if we went back now, wouldn't they?"

"Yep, that's a fact." said the man, ruefully.

"Dear old Washington!" said she. "Dear old Washington!" said he .-Washington Star.

A Man Without a Country. The next time Mr. Astor tries to break into high acciety he will, mys the Milwaukee Sentinel, have a competent chaperon.

ONE-LEGGED BALL PLAYER.

Eight-Year-Old Bay Runs Bases Without the Ald of His Crutch.

Chicago paper. The little fellow. good. eight years of age, is considered one of the most expert amateur ball players on the south side. He manages to run the bases on one leg. Of late the young man has frequently been asked to appear on the tennis grounds. It is said that whatever side he champions is sure to be victorious in the tennis contests. Any fine afternoon when there is a tennis game in progress Willie Howard is very conspicuous. He is regarded by some of the best tennis experts as the forerunner of good luck. One day lately Willie was in great demand. It is said his services were bid for long before the champion tennis contests began at the Kenwood Country

Little Willie, as he is familiarly called by his many friends, takes a prominent part in baseball games when there are no games of tennis the equal of anyone on the Kenwood grounds. Of late the young fellow has discarded his habit of running the bases with a crutch in hand. dignified to run the bases in his forball player now covers the bases in a hop, skip and jump fashion.

OUTS WIN FROM BOOKIES.

Race Track Hangers-on Describe How They Caught On to a Good Thing.

"It was just like this, you see, me and Mickey came to Chicago to be on talking about, hand for the opening season of the races at Washington park from Detroit," said a short man with a sandy mustache and wearing clothes that had seen better days around a race track, who was standing near the grand stand in Washington park the other day talking to a tout who was going to give him a good thing, relates the Chronicle. "When Mickey and I hit the town we didn't have a cent, so we had to beg our chuck and banner money from people on the street. The next day we were in for it good. No money, times a day the male person of the didn't know anybody, only a few touts, couple would dwell with great (if care- who only had eating money for themfully worked-up) enthusiasm upon the | selves and had a good thing that would win in a walk and the odds were big. Mickey says: 'Pal, I tink I can get a few bucks to bet on a good thing,' I'd call it," said he-in Washington, so he did. How he got it I don't know, and on each occasion she would fall in | but in three days after he got it we money." That is the story overheard

BROKE THE NEWS SUDDENLY.

Comical Episode in the Meeting of Long-Separated Brothers in England.

A curious little story reached us officer invalided home from South Africa, says the Liverpool Post The eldest son of a well-known duke had a younger brother in Ladysmith and was naturally anxious and eager for his safety. He himself was serving with the forces of Gen. Buller and was through all the long and arduous campaign which preceded the relief of that place. When it became known that the road was at last open, the young nobleman was sent forward with the first forces to enter the town. He soon found his brother, whom his eyes had been yearning to see for so many long and weary months, "Hullo, Jack!" he shouted, and then, in his excitement and pleasure, for the life of him he couldn't think of what to say next. At last he blurted out with: "Old Tom, the gardener, is dead." An anti-climax which, in spite of the apparently mournful character of the news, caused both the brothers to roar with laughter. Such was the first item of home news which the younger one heard after a sickening period of anxious waiting.

LASTING QUALITIES.

Trait of the Chinese Which Would Accomplish Much If Turned to Good.

The Chinese have many traits which, properly developed, wonl. cause them to assume a leading place among the nations of the globe. people are industrious, hospitable, temperate and devoted to learning. They are strong and wiry. They have lasting qualities. The Chinese can live anywhere, eat anything and believe anything. They outwear the tribes of southern Asia, are more conservative than the Japanese and less poetical than the Hindoo. They are possessed of much common sense. Their religions and superstitions enter into everything, even their cheating and lying. Gambling is the ne-

Streets throw over for the candy with the salesman. The missionary from the occident, outnumbered by the opium vender and the whisky peddler. has been unable to keep the vices of the west from being introduced along Members of the Kenwood Country with the virtues, and, a ter five cenclub have a mascot in Willie Howard. turies of contact, the Caucasian has the one-legged baseball player, says a done the Mongollan more barm than

One of Chine's Superstitions. Black dogs and black cats are the favorites in China in the line of food. because when eaten in midsummer they will insure health and strength.

POODLE PUFFS AT CIGARS.

Stray Performing Dog Is Adopted by Many Hyde Park Residents.

A stray poodle that dances on its two hind feet and holds a lighted cigar in its mouth has appeared frequently in the neighborhood of the Hyde Park police station of late, says a Chicago paper. It is thought that the animal has escaped from some show. Almost every morning the dog may be seen on Lake avenue, near Fifty-third street, doing a number of antics for some children. The dog in progress. As a batter he is said to has no license, but it is thought that inside of a short while some thoughtful person will adopt the canine. It can waltz beautifully.

In fact, the animal will always start It is said that Willie believes it un- to move its feet at the sound of music. Many of the policemen of the Hyde mer way. The result is the youthful Park station have taken a great fancy to the animal and frequently given it food out of their own lunch cans. The dog is known by the name of Jack and ever since the little fellow has made its appearance in the neigh borhood Jack has become a household word. As soon as a Hyde Parker liv ing in the vicinity of Lake avenue and Fifty-third street speaks of Jack everybody knows what he or she is

Every morning Jack makes a round of all the houses. When the dog appeared in Hyde Park one day lately he was very thin, but already a noticeable change is apparent in his condition. Jack can with ease hold a lighted elgar in its mouth for five minutes. Some of the boys have made a habit of giving the animal bits of cigarettes to hold between its sharp teeth.

DOES NOT LIKE ELECTRICITY.

Poet Queen of Roumania Will Not Have Her Galleries Properly Lighted.

Eilzabeth, the poet queen of Roumania, better known to the reading world as Carmen Silva, shares with Queen Victoria a dislike for electric line with a "ye-es" that really appeared | walked out of the track with \$2,500 lights, and opposed their use in her to proceed from a point not much in our pockets of the bookies' easy apartments until quite recently. Her boudoir was lighted by crystal flowby a man who was standing near the ers, in the heart of which gleamed long ago, as they sat by the front win- two alleged touts who were telling of pale, colored lights. The place is dows of their abiding places in New | their good luck since the opening of the filled with panel pictures and verses, all written by the queen or painted by one of her gifted court ladies. The great dining hall is ornamented with tall panels illustrating the principal works of Carmen Silva's novels, remances and poems. The room is very somber, being furnished with black Sterlings, oak and cordovan leatner and lighted only by stained glass windows, brilliant in color and representing court the other day from the lips of an balls, wedding bouquets and other roya. festivities, but nevertheless they prevent the sun from penetrating the gloomy grandeur of the apartment And this is why the queen, who loves beauty and harmony, stricty forbids the wearing of black or dark dresses at her table. She prefers a uniform to conventional evening dress and does not shrink from any fancy dress if it be gay and pretty.

DANGEROUS TO GET ANGRY. Paroxysms Have Frequently Result-

ed in Death or Mortal Injury.

A study of anger from experiences in about 2,000 cases, collected from reliable observers, has been made by G. Stanley Hall. The causes were many and various, and often being trivial, and the physical sensations accompanying it differed greatly with the individual, says Stray Stories.

Flushing was very general, although pallor was a characteristic in 27 per cent, of the cases. The heart beats were violent, several cases of death from rupture of this organ being reported, and there were sometimes peculiar sensations in mouth and throat, sometimes dizziness or faintness, frequently tears, and generally copious sallvation, which might produce frothing at the mouth.

Common sounds were animal-like cries in children, and oaths and threats in adults, while in many cases the throat was paralyzed and there was inability to speak above a whisper, or without crying or trembling. Butting with the head, biting and scratching are noticeable in childish

State Official Who Couldn't Write. The Philadelphia Record says that a man was once elected to a responsible state office in Pennsylvania, and served acceptably, who could not write his name. He was intelligent and of sound business judgment.

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